OUR MEN IN LUZON—How They Fight the Filipinos and How the Filipinos Fight Them.—BY GEN. OTIS.

"We Cannot Stand Still; We Cannot Go Back; We Must Go On, and the End Will Justify the Means."

THERE is no comparison between the stubborn and bloody fighting in the War of the Rebellion and the combats in the Philippines, because the conditions were so different and the character of the combatants so unlike that comparisons are impossible.

Nevertheless, the fighting in the Philippines has been severe and the resistance of the Filipino rebels stubborn. Considering all the drawbacks surrounding them, their inadequate equipment, their crude organization and imperfect discipline, the Filipinos have succeeded in putting up a very stiff fight against the Americans.

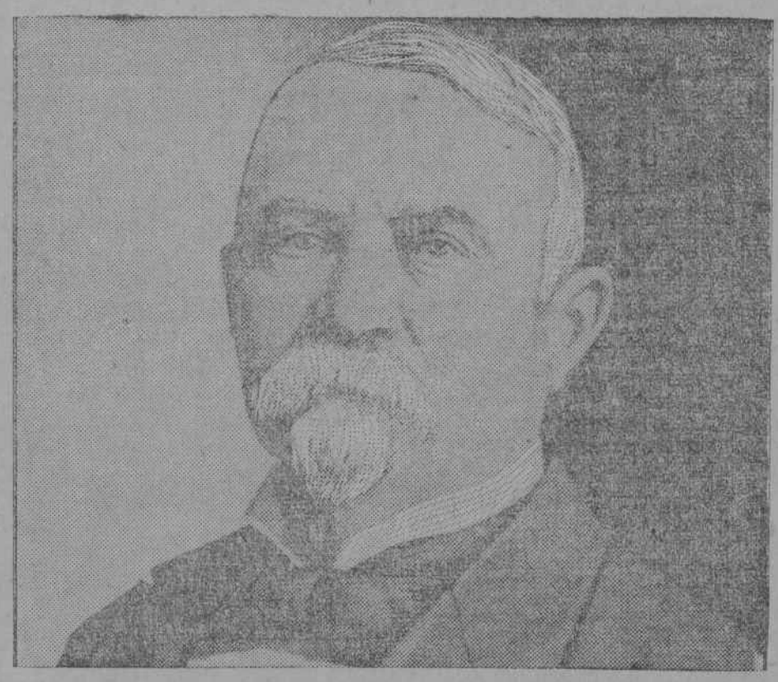
They do not fight like Indians or other mere bushwhackers, but like Spaniards, from whom they have learned all they know of war. They dig deep entrenchments and build formidable field works, showing, engineering skill and thoroughness; they fight in line of battle and they employ the usual tactics employed by civilized armies everywhere. They resort to flanking movements, attempt ambuscades and surprises and ruses de guerre—all of which are legitimate methods of warfare. They fire brass cartridges, abuse prisoners, and do other things which are not legitimate acts of war. You see I am disposed to give the devil his due, and if the devil happens to be a Filipino it makes no difference.

The radical difference between the War of the Rebellion and this conflict between the United States and the Filipino rebels lies in the fundamental fact that the "big war," as I call it, was not fought between a superior and an inferior race—between a civilized and a half civilized people. The methods of warfare in the two cases are therefore essentially different. This, I think, covers the case without further elaboration. I may add that the principal weakness of the Filipinos lies not in a lack of physical courage, but in their natural inability or incapacity of handling firearms. They are not good marksmen with small arms, and seem to have no capacity for the manipulation of artillery. They have few guns, and even these they have been unable to handle with any effectiveness. But there are a lot of them. They outnumber our soldiers two to one.

There is no difference in the natural bravery of the men of the regulars or the volunteers, for they are all Americans, and invidious comparisons are unwarrantable; they are not based in truth and only do harm. I do not mean by this to say that the trained troops are not more effective than raw recruits, nor that all of our troops are alike and equally effective in campaign and battle. Trained volunteers are better than raw volunteers and better than raw regulars. Likewise, trained regulars are better than raw regulars or raw volunteers. The mere fact of a soldier being what is called a "regular" does not on that account make him a first class soldier. He may be a very poor soldier, on account of inapiness, lack of natural courage or lack of drill and discipline. So with the volunteer. But everything else being equal—training, drill, discipline, leadership and length of service—our volunteers are as good as our regular troops, and vice versa, and both are the best in the world.

There has been a good deal of cant and nonsense uttered on this subject, and I have small patience with it. The supreme test of battle is what tells the story; it tells the stuff soldiers are made of, and the distinctions between "volunteers" and "regulars" disappear on the firing line and are lost in the rear of battle when the conditions under which the two classes of troops go into action are relatively the same. If the American people seek an example of superb conduct in battle on the part of the volunteers let them look to the battlefields of Luzon and they will find it. I am proud to be able to give willing testimony to the bravery and good conduct upon all occasions when they came under my personal observation of troops of the Eighth Army Corps, whether regulars or volunteers, whether infantry, cavalry or artillery.

In one of my official acts of the operations of my brigade—First Brigade, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps—I had the honor to report



Brigadier-General Harrison G. Otis.

to the War Department on this subject in the following language: "It is a sincere and deep pleasure for me to be able to bear personal witness to the good conduct of the troops under my direct command throughout the various operations and conflicts here described. The regiments, battalions, companies and batteries have, without exception, borne themselves like good soldiers, showing conspicuous steadiness, ardor, determination and intrepidity, and the only infractions of discipline occurring on the battle lines which warrant even mention here have been due to the resistless desire of the victors to pursue the fleeing enemy beyond the limits of present orders (meaning the then existing orders). Without exception all the organizations engaged have proved themselves worthy of the proud name of American soldiers."

The organizations referred to were the First Montana Infantry, three battalions; the Third United States Artillery, two battalions, serving as infantry; the Twentieth Kansas Infantry, three battalions, and the Tenth Pennsylvania, two battalions. This was at Caloocan and before.

My report continued: "The conduct of the regimental commanders wass all that could be desired by the most exacting general officer. In the nature of the case, with a line of battle so extended and covering ground so varied in its conformation and character, it was necessary, after the general plan of action had been settled and was well understood to repose large discretion in the several regimental commanders in their work of carrying out the details, each for himself. This, happily, could be done in the instances here narrated. All these officers performed their several parts with distinct and distinguished success, and I count it a fortunate thing for the army as well as my personal good fortune that the regiments of my brigade were commanded throughout these operations by skilled veteran officers like Kessler, Kobbe, Funston and Hawkins."

You will notice, by the way, that Major William A. Kobbe, whom I have mentioned here, has just been appointed by the President to be colonel of one of the new regiments. It is an admirable selection, and Colonel Kobbe will prove himself a first-class regimental commander.

There is no lack of humorous features in the serious trade of war, but I will not undertake at this time to go into that branch of the art. Our gallant fellows in the Philippines are in the habit of shouting "Gangway!" when they go after Aguinaldo's deluded warriors, and gangway they mean to have—gangway for the Stars and Stripes and gangway for the civilization of the great republic which is marching on in the islands of the Orient.

I think that, everything considered, the campaign in Luzon is to-day in good state. We have beaten the enemy in every engagement; we are to-day covering more territory than ever before with our army; the enemy has been defeated, divided, dispersed and driven before our columns both to the northward and the south of Manila, and with great losses in every encounter. Major-General Otis has accomplished these decisive results with a comparatively small loss in men and material, and there is every reason to believe that with additional troops enough to make his entire force 45,000 or 50,000 men he will speedily crush the rebellion, restore peace and order to the chief island in revolt, establish civil government under the auspices of the United States, and in time bring about a condition of things beneficial to the native population and creditable to the arms and the honor of our country.

I believe the measures already taken by the President, through the War Department, to strengthen the Eighth Army Corps, are adequate and will prove effective, and I am sure they are justified by the necessities of the case and by the obligations which the country owes to itself, to its army at the far front, and to the cause for which we are contending in the Orient.

We cannot stand still, we cannot go back; we must go on, and the end will justify the means.

HOW I READ THE BIBLE.

By Count Leo Tolstoi.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI has written his idea of how mankind should read the Bible. In Russia the people are forbidden to read his articles, and if the officials can obtain a copy of it that copy is promptly destroyed. Nevertheless, as fast as forbidden news circulates, photographed copies of Tolstoi's words are circulated from one to another of the people. So it is that his ideas as to the proper interpretation of the Scriptures are becoming better known in Russia every day, in spite of all that the secret police and other officials of the Czar can do.)

MAN does not understand the Bible. It seems improbable, unintelligible, and even contradictory. Therefore when the majority persons read the Word of God, what professes to be Christ's teaching, they read it mechanically, or they do not know the meaning of the words as they are given. The reason that they are ignorant of the truth the Scriptures convey is because they do not know how to understand it.

One man will have a better understanding of the Gospel than another, but with the knowledge that he gains he fails to advance sufficiently to secure a connected practical interpretation which will be of value as a means of reaching the understanding that is necessary to the proper comprehension of the Word of God.

Another fact is that very many people who possess this limited understanding have absolutely different ideas as to the interpretation of the Scriptures. Some say redemption is the all-important matter. Others say the all-important thing is grace, obtainable through the sacraments. Others, again, say that submission to the Church is what is really essential. But the churches themselves disagree and interpret the teachings variously.

The Roman Catholic Church holds that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father to the Son; that the Pope is infallible, and that salvation is obtained chiefly by works. The Lutheran Church does not agree with this view, but holds that faith is the chief necessity for securing salvation. Then the Anglican and the Episcopal, the Presbyterian and the Methodist, and all the other sects which throng the world, interpret the teachings of Christ in their own way. Each believes his own way is best. Thus we have a Tower of Babel in the matter of the interpretation of the Scriptures.

Young men and older men of the world, doubting the truths which the church they have attended has taught them, have come to me and asked what I thought of the Bible; how I interpreted it. There is nothing to me more shocking than this, because it indicates a weakness of the foundations of Christianity, a doubt like a thunder cloud marring the purity of the clear sky of peace.

Christ—who the churches say was God—came to earth to reveal Divine truth to men for their guidance in life. A man, even a plain, stupid man, who really wishes to benefit mankind with knowledge that will serve as a guide in these great matters of religion, will so manage that his meaning will be expressed in simple and incisive terms, and even the lesser minds that go to make up the grand total of mankind's intellect will comprehend.

This suggests the query, "Is it possible that God, having come on earth especially to save mankind, was not able to say that which He wished to say with sufficient clearness to prevent those who heard Him from misinterpreting His words variously, and afterward disagreeing about them?" Impossible. It could not be so if Christ was God, nor would it be possible even though Christ was not God, but simply a great teacher that he should fail to express himself clearly. For a great teacher is great by the very reason that he is able to express the truth in such fashion that it can neither be hidden nor obscured, but become as plain as daylight.

In either case, therefore, the Gospel which permits Christ's teaching, must contain truth, and indeed the truth is there for all who will read the Gospels with a sincere desire to know that truth without prejudice, and, above all, without supposing that the Gospels contain some special sort of wisdom beyond human reason.

That is how I read the Gospels; and I found in them truth plain enough for little children to understand, as, indeed, is said in the Gospels. So that when I am asked what my teaching consists in, and how I understand Christ's teaching, I reply: I have no teaching, but I understand Christ's teaching as it is explained in the Gospels. If I have written books about Christ's teaching, I have done so only to show the falseness of the interpretations given by the commentators on the Gospels.

To understand any book one must choose out the parts that are quite clear, dividing them from what is obscure or confused. And from what is clear we must form our idea of the drift and spirit of the whole work. Then, on the basis of what we have understood, we may proceed to make out what was confused or not quite intelligible. That is how we read all kinds of books. And it is particularly necessary thus to read the Gospels, which have passed through such a multiplication of compilations, translations and transcriptions, and were composed, eighteen centuries ago, by men who were not highly educated and were superstitious.

Therefore, in order to understand the Gospels, we must first of all separate what is quite simple and intelligible from what is confused and unintelligible, and afterward read this clear and intelligible part several times over, trying to assimilate it. Then, helped by this comprehension of the general meaning, we can try to explain to ourselves the drift of the parts which seemed involved and obscure. That is how I read the Gospels, and the meaning of Christ's teaching became so clear to me that it was impossible to have any doubt about it. And I advise every one who wishes to understand the true meaning of Christ's teaching to follow the same plan.

Let each one who is reading the Gospels select all that seems to him quite plain, clear and comprehensible and score it down the side of the page, say, with a blue pencil. Then, taking the marked passages first let him separate Christ's words from those of the evangelist by marking Christ's words a second time, say, with a red pencil. Then let him read over those doubly scored passages several times. Only after he has thoroughly assimilated these let him again read the other words attributed to Christ which he did not understand when he first read them, and let him score in red those which have become plain to him. Let him leave unscored words of Christ's which remain unintelligible and also unintelligible words by the writers of the Gospels. The passages marked in red will supply the reader with the essence of Christ's teaching. They will give what all men need and what Christ therefore said in a way that all can understand. The places marked only in blue will give what the authors of the Gospels said that is intelligible.

Yasnaia Poliana, Russia.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE heroine of the hour is Mme. Dreyfus. She has passed the five years of her husband's exile in devotion to him, and in earnest prayers for his ultimate happiness. Such efforts as were possible she has made in his behalf. She could do little more than to influence her friends to believe in his innocence, and to keep the flowers of love and respect green in the hearts of her children.

She has had no other object or ambition than her husband's welfare.

How many women in America to-day can say that they have made their husband's welfare the leading thought of their hearts during the last five years?

Captain Dreyfus was accused of a dastardly and ignoble act, and at his trial proven guilty. Yet his wife believed in his innocence, and to-day her belief is shared by the greater portion of the unprejudiced world.

Many husbands have been accused by neighborhood gossip of lesser misdemeanors, and their wives have listened and believed and closed their hearts against them.

Many husbands, sitting face to face with their wives, year after year, in the home, are yet exiles.

To be an exile from love's court is far more terrible than to be an exile from one's country.

It was undoubtedly the consciousness that he was deeply and ardently loved and believed in by his wife which kept Captain Dreyfus from going mad during those awful years.

There are men who dwell in beautiful homes and who enjoy every freedom which a land of independence allows its citizens, yet who feel themselves utterly alone and in exile from happiness because they are objects of indifference to their wives.

I have known women who were models of "goodness" in the church and who devoted their lives to benevolent work and to feeding and clothing the poor, while their husbands starved and shivered for the lack of affection in their homes.

There are women so terribly free from all evil,
They discourage a man and he goes to the devil;
There are people whose virtues result in appalling
And they prove a great aid to His Majesty's calling.

One woman of this type bemoans the fact to-day that her husband is unfaithful to her. All her hosts of club and church friends look upon her as a martyr and upon him as a monster.

I remember the couple in the early years of their marriage. The young woman was brilliant in mind, and the husband was in every respect her equal.

The wife longed for distinction, however, and the husband longed for a sweet, domestic life. His ideal of happiness was to find his wife at home when he returned, and to see love in her eyes. Instead he found her absent at reform clubs, and when they met he saw only ambition in her eyes, not love. She talked to him of the great work she was doing for humanity, and told him of the compliments her speech had received.

There were three little words which would have given him more gratification than all her brilliant orations.

The years have gone by, and the woman is a success, according to the ideas of other women.

But the husband finds love and companionship elsewhere, and the world says: "What a brute, not to appreciate that noble wife of his!"

Our friends keep a critical eye on our deeds,
But the fine interlining of causes—who heeds?
The long list of heartaches, which leads to rash acts,
Would bring pity, not blame, if the world knew the facts.

Too many of our cultured young women marry without a due sense of what wifehood means.

The average bride of the middle and upper classes has no ideal for her own conduct except to keep chaste. But she feels no sense of responsibility. She expects her husband to assume all the responsibilities. He is to be very successful in money matters, and she is to be envied of all her associates. He is to be all devotion and never to make her the least bit unhappy. If she has a headache he is to watch over her with the greatest solicitude, and whatever she does is to be right in his eyes.

Of the worry and strain of his daily life in business she never thinks. Of his need of her close sympathy and thoughtful consideration she is blindly unconscious.

That upon these qualities, together with her tact and discretion, rest much of his chance of prosperity and all his hope of happiness she is quite ignorant. I do not say this is true of every American girl who marries, but I do say it is true of a vast number of those who belong to what is generally termed the "upper classes."

A French woman remarked to me recently that American wives impressed her as the most fortunate of beings on the face of the earth, and at the same time as the most unappreciative.

"Nowhere else," she said, "and I have lived in many lands, do wives receive such devotion and consideration and care as in America, and nowhere else have I ever found wives less conscious of their blessings or so indifferent to the men who slave for them."

It seems a misfortune that we American women should make such an impression upon a foreigner.

Meanwhile, I have no doubt that many a wife who is selfish and indifferent now, would become the soul of devotion should her husband be sent into exile, or were he to be the victim of any great disaster.

It is a curious quality in many women that they exhibit no affection for husband or children save in times of sickness or danger, when they are ready to sacrifice their lives to save the sufferers.

I believe half the misery in families is the result of this peculiarity of one or both parties.

A woman will nag her husband to desperation when he is in perfect health and neglect him in a score of ways, but once let him fall ill, she will walk ten miles to get him a plaster for his back.

Men will starve their wives' hearts and be niggardly in the expenditure of money for their necessities when they are well, but they will cheerfully mortgage all their worldly possessions to pay doctors and nurses if they become sick.

It is such a pity when people save their best affections and their sweetest acts for the dying, or the dead, or the exiled. There are wives who to-day are discussing their husband's faults with their neighbors, and allowing small resentments over smaller offences to render the home the most uncomfortable place the man can find; yet, were any one of these men to be accused of high treason, his wife would undoubtedly devote herself to his cause, and fight for him as valiantly as Mme. Dreyfus has fought for her husband's vindication.

It is well to look always on the bright and hopeful side of life, but there are people who need to anticipate a tragedy in order to behave decently.

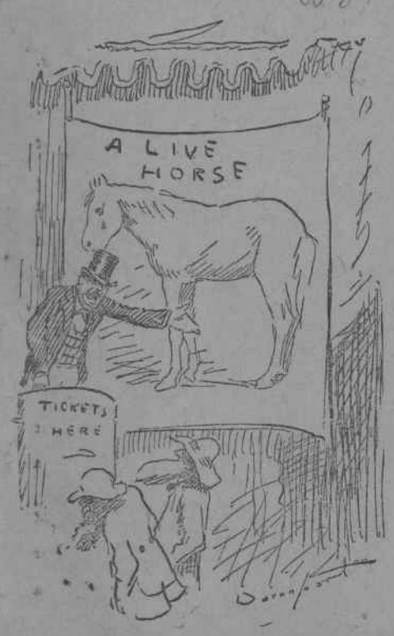
There is an excellent rule for every wife to follow (and I would advise every man to apply it to his wife as well): Treat your husband every day exactly as you would if you knew he were to die that night.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES AND MY HONEST OPINION OF THEM

(BY HOMER DAVENPORT.)

THE other night I was late catching the car to connect with the last boat for Jersey. I whistled for a hansom, but none came. I shouted for a cab, but nary a one was in sight. Walking to the corner I saw a dark, glum-looking object, with wheels that looked like



Ten Years from Now.

life buoys. A man sat on the top of it as if asleep. The outfit looked as spry and as graceful as a piano box or hay press.

I asked the man on top if he could make it go, and, with a smile, he said he could. I then asked him how much to try it down to Christopher street ferry in time for the 12:30 boat. "One dollar," said he. "All right," said I, "where do I get in?" He pressed a button, the front of the box opened, and I found a big soft seat. With a jingle of the bell the machine started.

We had scarcely gone three blocks when I found myself crying. It was already a sad ride. I could see the finish of my dear friend, the horse. My mind went back to the days on the farm, and I went with him in fond recollection over the various tasks he was used for from ploughing corn to hauling us to the State fair. Then my memory noted all of the good horses I had known in my life from my first recollection up to the present time. Then my feelings overcame me and I almost wept aloud.

Meanwhile this machine with the apparent brains of a horse and man combined, was gliding over the rough cobbles, around the street cars, passing in front of the horses with the smoothness of a sail boat. I thought again of horses, and even of their humble kinsmen, mules; the horse, barring the dog, man's best friend—an animal that would do more for man than woman or man would do. The one creature of noble blood that will work for a lifetime for simply his board. No case is ever recorded where he got more than his feed and his shoes.

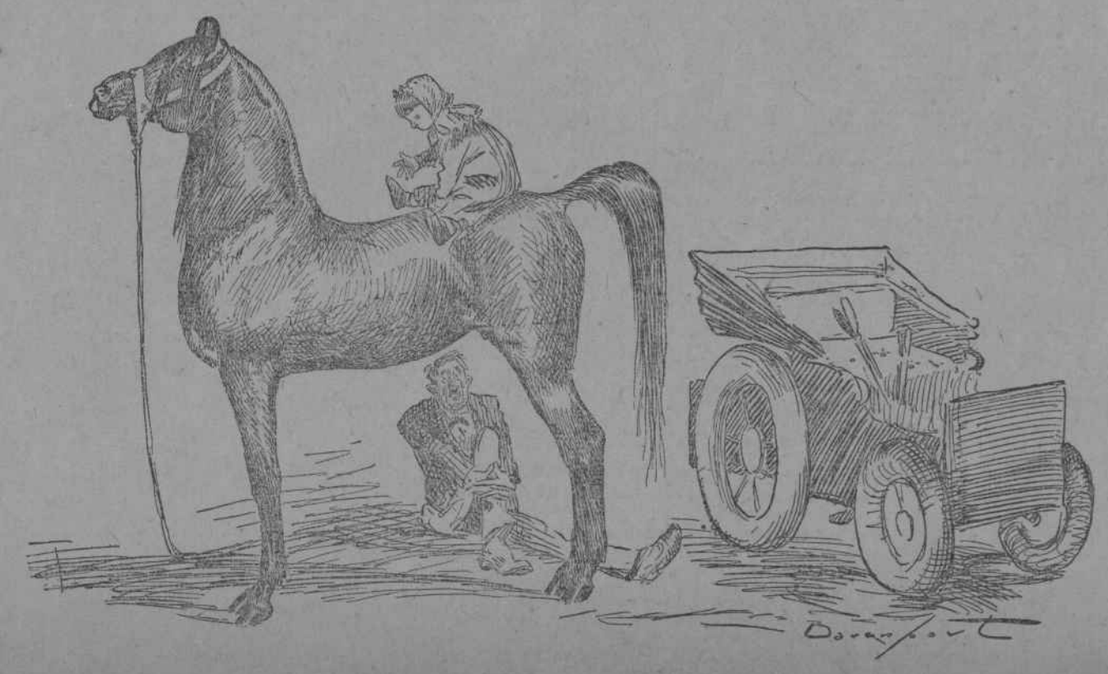
In but a moment seemingly this invention reached the ferryhouse, and, with a graceful curve, deposited me almost at the ticket window. I paid the man on top and spent so much time looking over the melancholy box that I came within one of missing the boat. On the last boat and train for the Oranges nearly everybody sleeps, but this night I never shut an eye; I hardly winked. I was thinking of the sad ride. My eyes were still wet, but only the conductor saw me, and he, perhaps, thought I had lost a friend. I had. I was thinking of the near future, when, at the shows, they will have a horse on exhibition, and of how desolate the beautiful fields throughout the country will look without the horse.

It is true this machine don't eat oats nor hay nor its bedding. No new shoes every three weeks, no shedding of hair to soil our clothes, no scaring at fire-crackers or trains, (they are more likely to scare at it), and three times the speed for the entire day. Still, on the other hand, no beautiful form, no soft human eyes, no graceful neck and wavy tail, no beauty at all; simply a blind dummy, that does the work with one-half the expense. I got home, woke up the folks, told them of what a melancholy ride I had taken.

Next morning I went straight to the barn and looked at my Arab steed. His soft eyes told me that he had heard nothing of the automobile or the horseless carriage. He was too proud to have heeded his fate had he heard it. I led him out and put a little tot on his back. He stood still and beautiful and kind. I thought on the night previous that he, too, had faded in my vision, but he hadn't. He was perfection. All that it was ever possible for a horse he could do. In his dreamy big eyes was a glimpse of the desert pyramids, Cairo, and the Sphynx, of the country where no automobile will ever run. I could hear low, sweet Turkish music and the clink of the castanets. Armour would have given a thousand dollars for a lithograph of my steed to use as a label for canned horse meat. I thought of the four dollars and thirty-eight cents per week it cost me to keep him, and of how he would shy at the fire-crackers and trains; still I thought how proud the old Bedouin was who bred him, and still prouder was I who owned him.

Let the automobile come, since we can't stop it. Let those who wish to do so, ride in vehicles which are a shade less graceful than furniture vans, and which are propelled by chained lightning, or gasolene, or some such heathenish thing.

And when the automobile, in turn, is out of date, let those who will soar through the air or dive beneath the waters in some new-fangled contraption. As for me, I agree with King Richard, my salary for a horse,



Will My Arab Steed Ever Be Supplanted by This Mush Wheeled Cart?

This Will Greet Us at Our Meals.

Arabian or no Arabian, the horse is good enough for me.

HOMER DAVENPORT.